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LITERATURE.

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NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

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*The Fortunes of the Falconars.* By MRS. GORDON, authoress of  
"Three Nights in a Life-Time," &c.

As a transcript of life—that life by which we are all surrounded—the life that meets us at every turn—that dwells in our dwellings—surrounds us in our habitations—accompanies us in our daily walks—abides both with us and in us—these volumes have all the faithfulness of a reflection. They will seem to numberless of their readers to be the counterpart of their own existence, the very form and colour of their being, cast upon a mirror. Exaggerated resemblances of character catch the eye and arrest the mind, but it is by the force of caricature alone. It is easy to enlarge a defect, and so command attention—even an unpractised and untalented artist may do this—but to paint in the colours of truth, and in the form and lineaments of truth, is a power as rare as it is valuable.

In opening the pages of "*The Fortunes of the Falconars*," we felt as all will feel—at home. We are instantly in the midst of a large relationship. Here are uncles, aunts, and cousins, all claiming affinity, and almost without number. Everybody is speaking to us. Some of these relatives see our faults, chide us, scold us, think they have a right to do so. They have—it is the right of affection. Indifference can be always polite, but then how cold is politeness! We know that a little rugged freedom argues kindness. Pity that it should ever make us quarrel with the affection of which it is the proof. But this *en passant*. We say that, in entering on Mrs. Gordon's volumes, we are entering into a large assembly of relatives—our's—everybody's, for everybody's relatives are, with a few exceptions, alike. Here is

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the customary round of visiting, the usual circle of engagements, the regular number of family dinner parties, the proper complement of *soirées*, the sufficient amount of talking, eating, drinking, scandal, music, dancing, and love-making. Here, too, is news of all our acquaintance, for what is true of one set is true of every set. Here we hear of some who dress too much, some who flirt too much, and some who are altogether jilts. We give the precedence, of course, to the ladies. Among the gentlemen, there are some who eat too much, some who talk too much, some who dice too much. All are here, and we all know them. Need we say that we are entirely at home in such a company?

In this life-like assemblage we presently feel a growing interest; we single out from the surrounding groups, individuals on whom our thoughts and feelings rest; just so we do in life. In Mrs. Gordon's work we become associated by the force of an irresistible sympathy with the younger members of the family of the Falconars. Presently we mark out the lines of their respective characters, we identify them in our thoughts, associate ourselves in their feelings, and we follow them through their history with sensations of anxious interest. The crowd that surrounds them is composed but of auxiliaries. They engage our observation only so far as they affect the destiny of the objects of our regard. They are but the retinue of the sovereign, who personally absorbs our attention.

The heroine, for in despite of her sister, the lighter-hearted Clara, we must consider Eleanor Falconar the true heroine of the tale, is just one of those pure, right-minded, gentle hearted, faithful and truthful beings, that we would have ennobled to the office. In sympathising with her, we feel that we are sympathising with what is worthy of our better feelings. Too often in works of fiction, our hearts are made rebellious to our perceptions of rectitude: not so here. The affectionate friend, the devoted sister, the obedient daughter, cannot be held in too high an estimation. Mrs. Gordon has well and wisely made her heroine a pattern for her sex.

But turning from this fair and gentle being, we are arrested by the generous and manly friendship of Clifton and young Falconar. Some of the holier sensations of our nature seem like flowers whose roots had spread beyond the gates and limits of paradise, to put forth bud and blossom on the blighted portion of our earth. Such is friendship, and in contemplating that perfect communion of mind which Mrs. Gordon has made to harmonize so finely in the hearts of these two young men, we are struck with the feeling that much neglected happiness is left on earth that might be made available, and which is ready for our possession had we only faith enough to seize upon it. But hearts in the nineteenth century beat very coldly. People are sadly afraid of being led by their feelings, though their feelings might often lead them aright. They are too prudent to be happy. Not so, however, the friends of our narrative. Their single-minded trust and unsuspecting confidence in each other throw a charm around them which deepens as the tale progresses. The boyish sentiment which seemed to enhance their mutual happiness, "grows with their growth and strengthens with their strength," acquires something of sacredness in its character.

The friends appear gradually to start from the canvass ; to separate themselves from the surrounding crowds, to become marked and distinct, and to engross our attention and our sympathies. A tone of deeper feeling surrounds them, gradually becoming more and more intense. At first, notwithstanding the misfortunes of his youth, pressing upon him more heavily from being the representative of his own family, young Falconar stands before us as an ardent, honourable, hopeful being, with all the world before him, his opening vista showing gleams of brightness, and full of the joyous aspirations of achieving better days. How true to nature is all this ! but truer still (which of us knows it not ?) the gradual depression of those gladdening anticipations, the gathering gloom, the darkening sky, the soul by slow degrees oppressed, subdued ; the expiring light of hope at last extinguished, the spirit abandoning its struggles in this world, relinquishing its labour for "that which satisfieth not," closing accounts with time, opening them with eternity. There is a wonderfully realizing power in the progressive stages of the work. For a time, like life, things seem full of frivolous bustle ; there is a vast energy for trifles, a world of tittle-tattle and gossip, and then deeper interests darken, or make by their contrast what was before important, appear of puerile estimation. The shadows of supernatural awe deepen around. Communication between the visible and the invisible worlds become established. While gazing on the denizens of a present state, they appear to us to belong already to another and a future ere they have passed away from this. They become surrounded by an atmosphere from another sphere. While the breath of life yet lingers to our hearts they lose their mortality. Even while with us they belong to another state of being—but why pursue the theme ? As day and night succeed each other, so do pleasure and pain alternate in this world. The impressions which these changeable phases make upon the spirit, are shadowed forth in Mrs. Gordon's work ; the susceptibility of a woman's feelings is reflected on these pages. At times buoyant with that lively interest which an unoccupied feminine heart takes even in the bagatelles of the world, pleased with some happy trifle, impressing with an imagined value the passing nothings which float along the breeze glittering in the gay effulgence of airy bubbles, she leads us on in a sort of holiday idleness through paths of sunshine and flowers, till startled by the touch of some sensitive chord, her sensibilities are all awakened, her feelings overflow, her heart speaks in the words of burning passion, and we stand amazed at the earthquake which rocks our very feet. In Mrs. Gordon, however, it is not so much passion as feeling,—intense powerful, engrossing, overwhelming feeling, which is developed, and which we are made to share. Having sympathized with the Falconars in their hours of hope, we feel that we could not if we would forsake them in their hours of trial, so we accompany them through the narrative, and as life now passes through some pleasant valley where the sunshine of hope irradiates all, so too does it assuredly conduct through dark and gloomy wildernesses, where joy dies in the heavy atmosphere, and not a spark remains ever to revivify again.

We must not, however, lead our readers to conclude, that because



the impression of deep sensibility and powerful feeling rests upon these pages, that therefore these are predominant. The light and the shade are far more justly proportioned, and, as we would fain have all narratives which are intended either to improve the heart, or to lighten the cares of the world, the book closes in like the rich sunny light of a bright autumn evening, promising in its golden glory a glad return upon the morrow. But our extract will afford a fair sample of the volumes.

"It was late in the evening, and the two friends were sitting together in Clifton's apartment. Alfred by an open window, and Guy upon a sofa not far from it, on the cushions of which his forehead rested, as he listened to the affectionate and hopeful suggestions by which Alfred strove to mitigate the distress into which Mrs. Falconar's letter had thrown him. Their discourse, as may be imagined, had scarcely turned on any other topic since they met.

"Clifton at length rang the bell to order coffee. It was brought, and a pause in their conversation ensued, broken occasionally by allusions to trivial subjects.

"'Clifton,' said Alfred at length, 'you have, I know, a large share of *Germanism*—I will not call it superstition—on many points; this is just a light for discussing such topics, and I want to inquire what faith you have in dreams? How modern philosophy would blush to hear any one ask such a question!'

"'Then my reply,' said Clifton, with a faint smile, 'would give her something more to blush for. I have a great deal of faith in dreams—that is, in *some* dreams. I should like to see the human being who has not some lurking belief of the sort, though, perhaps, thrust into the remotest corner of his mind, and laboriously stifled. My German friends differ from us, I suspect, more in the *treuherzigkeit*, which prompts them to avow such feelings, than in the feelings themselves. That is one of the many instances in which I think the great heart of the world may be taken as a guide to just conclusions. Do you not think with me, Falconar?'

"'Indeed I do,' replied Alfred. 'We cannot tell the various ways in which it may please the Almighty author of our being to communicate with the creatures whom he has formed, but we know that one way is to him as easy as another.'

"'Yes, and we know that not one of all our thoughts is hidden from God. Are we then to conclude him unable to influence them? In the days of old He often spoke by means of dreams, and we assert that he does so no longer, not from any proof that we can adduce in support of the assertion, but because of the incredulous, mocking, materialized spirit that characterises the present day, and leads men to close their eyes and ears to everything beyond the pale of actual sense.'

"'Certainly,' said Alfred; 'all that we can ever advance upon the subject will amount to no more than conjecture, but modern wisdom lays down laws for Deity, and decides, at a glance, how far Almighty power can go. We judge of the miraculous exertion of his power, which to him is as easy as any other exertion. Yet even in the present day, incidents do sometimes occur, which baffle all the explanations of our philosophy.'

"He paused. Clifton looked earnestly at him. 'Has anything, Falconar,' he at length inquired, 'led you to this train of thought in particular? Have you anything to tell me?'

"'I have, Clifton,' replied Alfred. 'I was not at one time sure, whether or not I ought to do so, but we never had a secret from each other, and we must not begin to have any now, when we are on the eve of a long, long parting.'



“ ‘For Heaven’s sake, what do you mean, Falconar!’ exclaimed Clifton, half-starting from his seat, whilst a thrill of indefinable alarm shot through his heart at the tone of voice in which Alfred spoke—‘*what do you mean?*’

“ ‘If you will listen to me calmly, my dear fellow,’ replied Alfred, ‘I shall tell you. Nay, I am almost sorry I began, and yet I think it is better to—to prepare you.’

“ Clifton re-seated himself, and once more hiding his face on the cushions of the sofa, said in a low and broken voice, ‘Go on then, Falconar—go on; let me hear it, whatever it is!’

“ ‘It is,’ said Alfred, ‘what I have striven for a time, against my own internal conviction, to persuade myself was a delusion. But I now feel so completely convinced of its truth, that I could not feel at rest without telling you of it. You have heard me speak of that beautiful Sunday evening, the last but one that we passed at Cargarth!’

“ ‘Yes,’ returned Clifton, without raising his head—‘yes, I remember.’

“ ‘That evening,’ continued Alfred, ‘I remained alone in the old library, whilst Ellen and Clara went out for a walk, in which I was too much worn out by fatigue to accompany them. I sat for a long while in the window, thinking, I need not say on what subjects, till at last, feeling quite overcome by weariness, I lay down upon the sofa, and fell fast asleep. I think, at first, that I remember having some confused dream of my father, and you, and Eleanor—I cannot tell what—but it is of no consequence. It is the latter part of the dream which is so vividly impressed upon my fancy, that at this moment it stands before my eyes like a scene of real life, belonging but to the recollections of yesterday. I imagined myself to be awake in that same room, and lying on the sofa in the same position which I really occupied, with my face turned towards the window, whence a long stream of light from the setting sun fell, through an opening in the woods, full upon me. While I thus lay, I fancied that the door of the room opened, and that Eleanor entered. She approached, and looking at me, as I thought, with a peculiarly mournful expression, she said she had been sent to tell me that there was a person come to the house who wished to see me. I asked who he was? She replied, a stranger. Would I see him? I answered, certainly. She quitted the room, and I remained upon the sofa as she had left me, and made no attempt to rise. In a few seconds, as it appeared to me, the door again slowly opened, and there entered, alone, a venerable old man, who advanced towards me, and stood beside the couch in such a position as to receive the light from the window full upon his head and person. I looked at him, whilst his eyes continued fixed upon me, without the slightest mixture of fear or surprise, which, indeed, you know, one hardly ever feels in a dream, and I have his form and countenance as distinctly before me, I could tell every feature in his face as accurately as I could have done yours a few minutes ago. His dress was a loose dark garment, of some antique shape, which flowed down to his feet; his countenance was pale, wrinkled, and solemn, lighted up by two calm and melancholy eyes; his hair was white and long, and a white beard fell over his breast. I looked at him, as I thought, in silence, which he was the first to break. He said to me, in a slow and solemn voice, ‘I have a message for you, Alfred Falconar.’ ‘Who,’ I then inquired, ‘are you? and whence do you come?’ He replied, ‘*I am a dead man. I come from a land of perfect peace, where there is no more sin or sorrow. I have been sent to you. You have suffered lately, have you not?*’ I replied, that I undoubtedly had. ‘Take comfort,’ he resumed, ‘you have but a short period now before you. I have it in commission to tell you that *your time is out on the 24th of October.*’”

*Blanche Cressingham.* By M. E.

The highest of the offices of fiction is to improve the heart. The mere amusement of the world may indeed be a laudable object, since by its instrumentality hours of pain may be lightened, weariness beguiled, trouble assuaged. These, the legitimate offices of fiction, have a value not appreciated by the world, nevertheless they have some claim upon its gratitude. Which of us is not indebted to the instrumentality of books of amusement for beguiling the hours of pain and languor in the person of some relation or friend, who, in pondering over the troubles of others, for awhile forget their own? and this we hold to be no trifling obligation. We readily admit that books of mere amusement ought not to take the place of graver occupations, but we know also that the mind, especially the enfeebled one, is not capable of a sustained application to higher things; and when we note how an hour of languor may be relieved, and the pangs of pain ameliorated, we must consider them as among the medicines of the mind. Carrying our contemplations farther, and considering that these minor merits may not only be associated with, but actually made conducive to, the loftier and more worthy object of moral improvement, we must needs say that the purposes of recreative writing are such as deserve the approbation even of the most severe moralist.

"*Blanche Cressingham*" eminently warrants the awarding of these united species of commendation. As a picture of life, as a transcript from one of the most eventful periods of French history involving the deepest interests, as exciting the warmest and most tender feelings of our nature, and as preaching to us a high moral lesson, it is all but unrivalled. We know not the author, but we augur that our first will not be our last meeting in the field of literature. We presume this to be a first production, but we are sure it will not be the last. The energy of style, the fruitfulness of resources as manifested in the abundance of the plot, the power of assembling, delineating, opposing, combining, so rich a galaxy of character, the tissue of a narrative so skilfully woven, all warrant the conviction that the work is fore-doomed to popularity. The form of the narrative is one in itself best capable of conveying the deepest interest, that of autobiography, by means of which so much is displayed of the heart of the narrator that would seem incompatible with any other form of display. By this mode every expression and emotion of the heart seems open to our inspection. The heroine tells her own history. She carries us back to the days when, in the sportiveness of infancy, when all was sunny brightness, and not a cloud darkened the horizon of her life, she gambolled joyously under the skies of her own sunny France, revelling amid fair fields and fairer flowers, adored by the villagers, spoiled by her domestics, the one hope and the one joy of her father's existence. The morning of such a life was like the bright rising of the sun. Who would not have prophesied from it a resplendent day? And yet, after a while, we see the sky darkened. Our heroine, while yet a child, leaves the rich domains of their country *chateau*, the fair fields of Normandy, its forest glades, its flowery fields, its flowing Seine, and, while scarcely beyond the tender years of a child, is plunged into

the spirit of the revolutionary horrors perpetrated in the metropolis. One by one she is separated from her dear ones. She is plunged into scenes which, if they had not found the elements of nobleness within her, and therefore became the school and discipline of her fortitude, must have crushed her, for it is the quality of trials to elevate wherever they are unable to subdue. Blanche Cressingham, however, was gifted with a nature that bore that stern novitiate training. While yet tender in years and fragile in strength, she stood by the couch of the dying. She who had been nurtured and tended with the most cherishing care, saw every being severed from her side that her young heart best loved. Associated with the horrors of madness, deserted in a lonely palace, broken in upon by the infuriated populace, horrified with blood-shedding, escaping only with life from her own well-beloved country, severed from every tie, desolate, heart-stricken, our heroine lands on our own shores. But we must not follow the stages of her history, lest we in any degree diminish the charm of their novelty. But just as the reverses of life strike us by their strangeness, and that which we least expect is ever closest at hand, so does the destiny of Blanche Cressingham lead her through reverses as trying as they are extraordinary. The narrative is one from which there is no escaping. It cannot be laid down at pleasure. There is an irresistible necessity of perusing it to the end. But as we travel on another feeling grows upon us. However exciting the history may be, we feel that it is not told in vain. We recognize the infinite skill which is moving through that admirable train of incident, in working a gradual change upon the heart of the heroine. We feel that as it is possible to be cursed with our own desires, so it is also possible to be blessed by their denial. We perceive that though the heart may rebel against its disappointments, and doom itself to repining misery, yet that those very deprivations may be the working cause of its contentment. We learn indeed a lesson that might make the world both happier and wiser.

But whether or not the loftier purposes of this narrative may be overlooked, it is rich in merits which every reader can estimate, merits which must at once command popularity for any work. Varied character, an abundance of really animated dialogue, a fine dramatic spirit, graphic power, deep interest of narrative, the most diversified scenes and the most opposite vicissitudes, combine to make it impossible but that "*Blanche Cressingham*" should immediately assume the position of one of the first favourites of the day. Popularity must follow a work of such real and extraordinary merit, merit which our extract will at once exemplify.

"As my coming was expected, I did not pause to go through the ceremony of knocking, but, opening the door, walked straight in, with my nerves screwed up to encounter somewhat of a scene.

"Aunt Ermengarde was seated in her high-backed chair, with a small table drawn beside it, covered with papers. She had a letter in her hand, which she was, or affected to be, engaged in reading, and took not the smallest notice of my entrance.

"I advanced till within a few paces of her seat—then stood for some



moments, waiting till she should address me;—but she deigned not even to look in my direction, and continued to seem absorbed in her perusal. I began to grow impatient, for I saw quite well that her aim was to humiliate me; and as there was no motive whatever for my submitting to such treatment, I determined on breaking silence.

“‘I was told, Miss De Vere, that you wished to see me.’

“‘I do,’ replied she, without raising her eyes from the sheet which she held, ‘but exercise patience—I have more important business to attend to first;—you may take a seat and wait.’

“‘Thank you,’ said I very civilly, ‘but allow me to say that my time is short, and if you wish to speak to me, it must be now. I have something likewise to communicate to you.’

“My sentence was cut short by one of Aunt Ermengarde’s most terrific glances directed towards me.

“‘Seat yourself and be silent!’ said she in a loud stern voice,—‘do not exasperate me.’

“‘It is not worth while to sit,’ I replied, ‘for the very brief space I have to remain. I request you will hear me. I do not wish to exasperate you, when I am just about to take my leave, and to quit your house altogether;—but do listen to me.’

“She interrupted me again.

“‘To leave my house! fool!—you cannot think to—you dare not,’—then checking herself, she changed the passionate tone with which she had commenced, to one of cold, cutting sarcasm,—and said with a scornful smile,

“‘You have come then, I suppose, to tell me of *your* excellently devised plans after you quit this mansion. I shall be delighted to hear them. Pray do you intend to offer yourself as governess to Lady Flora Danvers, or to become toady to the Countess of Tintadgel?—or do you mean to set up for yourself as a heroine of romance, and starve on the beggarly pittance your father left you?—or perhaps,’ continued she, before I had time to frame a reply—and her sneer grew more withering than ever—‘you intend throwing yourself on Mr. Egerton’s compassion, and begging him to let you preside at his family prayer-meetings?’

“She leant back in her chair as she wound up her sentence,—and fixing her eyes upon me, seemed to expect that I should sink utterly annihilated through the floor. She must have been woefully disappointed.

“‘None of all these is my intention,’ said I, with as much of the Red Indian warrior manner as I could assume;—‘I shall, undoubtedly, be a visitor both to Lady Flora Danvers and Lady Tintadgel,—but the chances are, that most part of my time will be spent at Penryn Castle or at Cressingham Abbey,—at least after I come of age; till then, of course, I must follow the advice of my guardians.’

“Miss De Vere’s countenance, as I uttered these words, is beyond description. She evidently thought that the prospect of being banished from Cloudesham had turned my brain. I felt my hour of revenge had come, and with extraordinary composure I resumed speaking, after pausing a few seconds to hear what she might have to say. She did not attempt to interrupt me, but sat bolt upright, staring at me, and crushing a letter in her hand, as a sort of safety-valve to her feelings.

“‘Your solicitude regarding my future starvation is quite needless. I have just heard from Mr. Marchmont—(she was aware, I knew, of the position in which he stood towards me)—that by the death of two members of my father’s family, I have become the possessor of a large fortune,—some five-and-twenty thousand a year. I am about to start this evening for London, in company with him; and before going, I wish to thank you for what you have done for me, and bid you farewell.’

“I hurried my sentence to a conclusion, as I saw that the storm was

about to burst forth—aunt Ermengarde having once risen from her chair, and sat down again,—a sign with her of almost uncontrollable agitation.

“ ‘It must be a lie!’ she roared rather than said—‘a pitiful lie!—I do not believe it! you will be a beggar if you leave this—I know you will,—but do not come back and supplicate me for charity! I will see you die before I grant it. Fool that you are! you want to bring disgrace on the House of De Vere,—but you shall not. Mary was beyond my power—but you are in it—and you *shall* marry Sir Charles Trafford!—Answer! speak!’ pursued she, rising and stamping on the floor, as if it had been my head—‘Refuse if you dare!’

“ ‘I stood at first in silent disgust, wondering if it could be a woman’s tongue that spoke in such fierce accents,—but as she concluded, I turned away to quit the room,—further explanation I saw was wholly useless. I had reached the door when Miss De Vere called after me in a calmer tone,—I paused with my hand on the lock, and looked back at her. ‘You spoke of gratitude to me,’ said she hoarsely, ‘if you feel any, listen to me before you go.’

“ ‘I drew nearer to her, hoping that this might lead to our parting on better terms; her face was quite colourless, and her eyes shone with excitement.

“ ‘Listen to me, girl! your mother stood between me and the man I loved—I hated her. You came here, her very image, and I hated you likewise. I should not have cared what your fate was, but my sister’s folly awoke me, I feared you, too, would bring shame on the family, and rejoiced when I found that the fool of a baronet wished to rid me of you. I cherished the scheme of uniting you to him, as a safeguard against disgrace, and hated you less while I thought you would fulfil my wishes—! you have thwarted them, and I detest you more than ever! Begone you will die a beggar!’

“ ‘Hem!’ said a voice which proceeded from the doorway. ‘Beg pardon for contradicting you, madam—but must say it’s not likely Miss Cressingham will run through half a million or more in a hurry. Miss De Vere, I presume—wanted to send in my card by the servant, but he wouldn’t take it—said he was afraid. Miss Cressingham, the carriage and Mrs. Abigail are ready,—had we not better go?’”

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*The Gleaner.* BY MRS. C. J. PARKERSON.

Certainly this rich collection ought not to be considered as the *gleanings* but the full sheaves of literature, with the yet further advantage of being composed not of the indiscriminate harvest, but of a selection of the fullest ears. However pleasing and poetical may be the title, its modesty of expression falls far short of the real value of the work. We have here the best things of the best authors, and the assemblage consequently infinitely outweighs in value the worth of any single contributor. In reading an author we are apt to pass over those beauties of sentiment and expression which are scattered along our way, carried on by the interest of a subject, or the hurry of a recital. Sound aphorisms, splendid illuminations of thought, noble sentiments, or the purest of Christian precepts, are hurried over with a momentary admiration, followed by a passing forgetfulness. They are as beautiful objects glanced over in travelling, where time scarcely affords a cognizance. And yet, when the hurry of our progress is over, these

are the gems which we should have gathered on our way, the gems which will retain their value when the interest which impelled us on shall have ceased to exist. Regretting, as we must ever do, the inability of the mind and memory to retain these jewels of thought, we cannot but feel that the public is greatly indebted to Mrs. Parkerson for collecting and storing them in a casket of easy access. We are struck with the external taste of her volumes, which renders them the fitter place of deposit for things of so much real and selected worth. The richest thoughts of the happiest authors are here collected together, ranged under those respective heads which they best illustrate. Thus the lights of many minds are brought to throw their irradiations over some one given subject. All that the most refined and profound of the world of authors have thought and felt are accumulated together, enriching each other and illustrating an idea. From such an arrangement it naturally follows that the theme must be far more amply and efficiently handled than it could have been by one solitary mind, though that mind were genius itself. We need not commend such a plan, we need scarcely commend its execution ; both speak for themselves. The appreciation of such a book as this is one that will grow on our affections. In privacy, languor, or weariness, we open its pages, and our stagnant thoughts are roused by some noble idea, or some stimulating sentiment, which sets before us the beauty and the holiness of active virtue, and inspires us with imitative energy. Or it may be that we lost sight of the higher purposes of our existence, the clouds of idleness and error may have altogether hidden them from us, but we open on some startling truth, and, roused by its power from our apathetic slumber, gird ourselves, assume our staff and shell, and resume our pilgrimage. On the other hand, casting aside all figures of speech, how frequently does it happen, in circles where we are cast, that thought languishes, and speech dies away. In cases of this kind, such a work as this is worth all the albums in the world. One of its sentences at once suggests new matter of interest, new subject of discussion. In truth, Mrs. Parkerson's work ought to be found on every drawing-room table.

But in another point of view, and that one which Mrs. Parkerson more especially has had in contemplation, is the producing a work for the young, which should at once cultivate their mental powers and form their taste, at the same time that it inspired the love of the beautiful and the good. No object could be more worthy, and we scarcely see how it could have been better carried into effect. These two tasteful volumes, which so well please the eye at first sight, are to the full as well calculated to satisfy the mind ; and their united elegance, eloquence, and variety, are eminently calculated to charm the young. Still it must be remembered that they are by no means confined to the young ; they belong to all who can estimate taste, fancy, and sound thought.

We should, however, be unjust to Mrs. Parkerson were we to pass over the work as one only of compilation. Mingled with it are some original compositions, of which, in saying that they are worthy of their companionship, we offer no slight praise ; but further to attest our estimation, we select from these our extract.



" Hence, dull reality  
Hence for a while,  
Airy-built visions  
Thy cares can beguile ;  
Leave free this bower  
From sorrow and strife,  
And the stern nothings  
Of every-day life.

" Fancy, conduct me,  
With wide-spreading pinions,  
Together we'll visit  
Thy fairy dominions ;  
We'll roam through the regions  
Of beauty to-day—  
Spirit creative,  
Away and away !

" Weave me a garland  
Of rainbow-dyed flowers,  
Lotus and amaranth  
Bloom in thy bowers ;  
O'er woodland, o'er mountain,  
O'er ocean we'll stray—  
Spirit unbounded,  
Away and away !

" Lead where the waters gush,  
Under the willow ;  
Lead where the roses' blush  
Tinges the billow.  
Lead where through verdure gleams,  
Light's softened ray ;  
When the sun's quivering beams  
Dart through the spray.

" Here would I wander,  
In spirit beside thee,  
In the soul's intercourse  
Fate has denied me.  
The orange is bringing  
Its scent-burdened air,  
And fountains are flinging  
Their pearl showers there.

" The eglantine's canopy  
Waves o'er our head,  
Green turf is our carpet,  
With violets o'erspread.  
Bright flow'rets are wreathing  
In myrtle's dark spray ;  
The bulbul is breathing  
Her soul-thrilling lay.

" Pictured enchantments  
Unclouded by care,  
Fairy-bright fabrics  
Upraised in the air ;  
How quickly ye vanish,  
Fond spirits can tell—  
Beautiful vision,  
Farewell—oh, farewell !"

*Honour! A Tale.*

"Honour!" We know of no other word of so much or so little meaning. Comprising everything and nothing. In itself a code of laws, and yet a blank or a bubble. Avowedly commencing its legislation at that point where the cognizance of existing arbitration ceases. Professing to be a sort of etherealized perception of the finer qualities of right, and yet violating every feeling of that inferior humanity which it affects to overpass. But of all its assumptions, that of the right over life, that right which reaches the utmost limits of human power, and, we had almost said, goes beyond it, is the most unwarrantable and the most tyrannical. Doubtless there are numberless cases where a fine sense of honour interposes as a guiding principle, where the intermeddling of laws would be but a clumsy and often an impossible interference. "Honour" would prevent the slightest infraction of rectitude, though impalpable to every other eye. "Honour" would interdict the gratification of a self-seeking interest, where honesty itself would see nothing but what was fair. "Honour" would prevent a man from trifling with the feelings and the heart of a woman, though she were utterly lonely and unconnected, and had no brother to resent the injury. These, and a hundred others, are the pure offices and the just dominion of "Honour;" but as even a rightful sovereign may degenerate into a tyrant, so where "Honour" impels men to seek each other's lives, to turn happy wives into sorrowful widows, and joyful children into cheerless orphans, we feel at once the baleful operations of such a rule and reign.

In estimating the value of a work, one of the primary considerations ought to be its motive. A right intention deserves esteem, and even ennobles its own means. It may be well to amuse, it is better still to improve. Public opinion is a powerful engine in guiding men's conduct, and the press has a strong influence in forming that opinion. Hence it is of the highest importance that literature should ever take the side of right feeling. It may and does give a strong impression, and we always rejoice when we behold it exercising its energies and putting forth its power in the correction of some great popular error. This is what the author of "Honour" has done. The volume is a powerful sermon against the evils of duelling. Its purport is grave, even solemn. And yet there is a species of oddity in the volume that must amuse in spite of its highly-wrought tragedy. It opens in the most comic vein. In the early portion of the history, the broad farce precludes all idea even of gravity, and the mind is wholly unprepared for those darker scenes which follow on. There is something original too in the character of the poet-simpleton, and his high-wrought passion, his poetical rhapsodies, and his bombastic love-making, are ludicrous in the extreme. Turning from the half-idiotic brother to the high-minded sister, we feel at once that there is something in hidden suffering, borne without expression and without sympathy, that must command our respect, and we perceive that Esther, with a different mind and of a different spirit from her kindred, deserves something better than the martyrdom to which she is doomed. As the tale goes on, however, it leaves this comic drama, and the powerful lesson

unfolds itself. Darker feelings, sterner purposes, stronger passions congregate together. Over a scene of happiest hope there bursts the whirlwind of despair—but we must not follow on the narrative to its completion, lest we diminish in the least degree its powerful interest.

Perhaps the peculiarity of this work, for it certainly is invested with a great amount of peculiarity, a quality always acceptable to the world, consists in some degree in the opposite impressions made upon us by the actors and their actions. In ordinary works we find the most extraordinary deeds performed by the most extraordinary people. Here, on the contrary, we see catastrophes the most high-wrought accomplished by individuals natural, simple, and unaffected; this distinction is worthy of observation. An author whose mental vision disables him from looking deeper than the surface, always represents intensely passionate actions as performed by beings strange and separate from their common brethren. But this is false to nature. There is no such line of demarcation in society. Exploits of the most intense horror are perpetrated, not by a class divided from our mortality for the explicit purpose, but by our ordinary, our daily and our familiar associates. Men whose passions rage and gain the mastery over them at that particular moment of perpetration, but who yet at other times are like other men. Our author has seized upon this truth. We read on, recognising no extraordinary foreshadowing of destiny, until we find that we have accompanied the personages of our drama into scenes where their passions are lashed into frenzy, where “Honour” assumes the mastery. A high purpose has evidently guided our author’s pen, and he has acted on his judgment in making the mirthful and the ludicrous attend in its developement. Tragic writers with Shakspeare at their head, himself the most illustrious, have judged it necessary to relieve the highly wrought passions of their scenes by transitions to broad farce. The mind is exhilarated by these alternations. The author of “Honour” has carried this principle into his narrative. He has united humour and horror, both as marked and extreme as they are opposite. Our limits will not permit us to extract from both, but in presenting our readers with one, they will be impelled to seek the other for themselves.

“About this time I became acquainted with a young Neapolitan—a god in form, a demon in heart. I knew him to be wretchedly poor, and yet no man kept up a more splendid external appearance. He gave magnificent dinners; his house was superb; and his equipage vied with those of princes. That there was something wrong, I felt convinced. I observed him narrowly, and at last discovered his villany.

“Oh, the horror I conceived of that man! For months I shunned him as I would have done a leper. But he watched his opportunity. He was well aware how terribly I had run myself in debt to the Jew money-lenders, and knew that a prison stared me in the face.

“One day, while riding in the park with a party of gay friends, I was suddenly thrown from my horse, and dislocated my ankle. He happened to be passing in his carriage at the time, and insisted upon my being lifted in; and as the fall had stunned me, of course I was wholly unconscious of all that took place, until I opened my eyes in one of his luxurious drawing-rooms. I demanded to be immediately taken home; but the surgeon



in attendance (who was, doubtless, instructed in the part he had to play) declared my injury so severe, that should I be removed in the state I then was, he would not answer for consequences, as the least exertion would bring on fever. I certainly suffered excruciating pain for several days, and I am convinced he did all in his power to increase, rather than diminish that suffering. In the meantime, my host used every endeavour to win back my good opinion. Had he been my own brother, he could not have tended me with greater kindness and seeming regard. No man ever possessed a more pleasing manner, or a larger share of winning eloquence, than Leonardo Verrochio, and fearfully did he exert it, alas! alas! to my utter destruction!

"I cannot dwell upon all the subtle arguments he made use of," continued Mr. Darcy, after a pause, in which one of those violent fits of almost frenzied agitation shook his exhausted frame, till it left him as helpless as an infant, and made Bertha fear even for his life; "it is enough to tell, that, by artfully working upon my imagination, and pointing out, with a painful minuteness, the precipice upon which I stood, and the disgrace I must bring upon myself, and all belonging to me, should the entire wreck of my fortune be known, or, what was still worse, the fearful amount of debts I had contracted without the most remote chance of liquidating them? 'There is but one of two things left for you, Mountmorris,' he would say, 'a prison or—' 'Spare me, Bertha,' cried the miserable man, burying his face in the cushions of the sofa, 'do not look at me while I utter that frightful word!'

"Hush! father, I can understand you," said Bertha, hurriedly, her lips and face blanched white with horror. "Go on, name it not; I guess what you would say!"

"It should seem strange, almost inexplicable, that I could find none but my best, my dearest friend, to practise this dark disgraceful villany upon; but I thought not of that, or, if I thought at all, it was only to remember his wealth, and that he was one of the most unsuspecting beings in existence.

"The tempter stood at my elbow. O God! shall I ever forget the thrill of horror that seized my trembling frame, as I took those false dice from the wretch's hand! My brain reeled, a thick mist seemed to gather before my eyes; for the moment, I felt like one stunned, but by a violent effort I recovered my self-possession—and threw!

"Our stakes were high, far higher than I had ever played before. I won all. Of course my adversary had no chance against me. We continued playing long after midnight. I had robbed him—ay, robbed him—of all the gold and notes he had about him, when, as I was reaching over to gather up the last ten sovereigns he was drawing from his purse, I dropped one of the dice I held concealed in the palm of my hand. It was his turn to throw; and before I had time to discern my fatal mistake, he turned the box down, and there lay *three* dice upon the board.

"How is this!" exclaimed he, starting up, and seizing the one I had dropped. "By heaven and earth, there is villany here!" saying which, he grasped the poker, and with one blow dashed the dice to atoms. By all that is infamous! it is *loaded*!" shouted he. "Mountmorris!" he cried, turning fiercely round upon me, "you are a villian! a scoundrel! and a disgrace to the name of gentleman!"

"Say you so!" replied I, furiously, shaking from head to foot with rage and shame, "say you so! Then take that for your answer"—and I struck him, Bertha! Yes! I struck him a disgraceful blow! Merciful Father! the horrid scene rushes back upon my tortured memory, as though it had been enacted but yesterday. O that I had died on the moment!"

*The Beginning of the End.* By a Member of the Carlton Club.

The state of anarchy and domestic misery in which Ireland is now unhappily plunged, the discord with which she is struggling, and the political dissensions which rend the fabric of her constitution, lay an imperative claim on the deliberative wisdom of all influential thinking men. All governments ought to be parental. Their true nature and their just appointment is to guide and guard. The misery of a country must in some degree result from the error of the ruler. Exigencies cannot exist without a cause. That a crisis is now approaching in the condition of Ireland is a common feeling. That our cabinet thought interference imperatively necessary is manifest from the institution of the State Trials. The author of the pamphlet now before us proclaims his own opinion in his very title—"The Beginning of the End." It is, therefore, more than time that remedial measures should be taken. We coincide in the persuasion that public opinion may influence those measures, and we therefore feel that it is of the last importance that public opinion should be rightly directed. To effect this purpose, no influence could be more powerful than the arguments now before us, supported, too, by a tone of manly and convincing eloquence. That the author of this pamphlet has thought much and seen much is evident. His speculations are not those of the theorist who has formed them in his closet, but rather of one who judges from personal observation, of one who has studied the national character, and knows its requisitions. We find in this pamphlet not only an adequate acquaintance and a keen searching out of those causes of discontent which agitate the country, but a minute familiarity with the national character. The author has, in these pages, considered the condition of the humbler classes, the power of the priesthood, and their relative position. He fairly considers the amount of government influence, the bearing of landlord and tenant, and the slight degree of power exercised by the conservative landholders in guiding parliamentary returns. Repudiating the idea of intimidation, by means of which most legislative grants have been made in recent years, he shows the invalidity of any existing fears. He notes a class in Ireland who do but clamour to a certain point, for the sole purpose of restoring a Whig ministry, that themselves with their party may be installed in all the gradations of office, but who would shrink from pressing beyond this measure. The priests also cannot, as agitators, pass beyond a certain line, since insurrectionary violence could scarcely be tolerated by the Pope, who could not sanction revolution on religious grounds without embroiling himself, and who would assuredly put his interdict on sanguinary proceedings. But in a still more convincing aspect he marks the impracticability of a disorganised mob exciting more than a trifling and temporary effervescence, and utterly repudiates the idea of their coping with our organised troops. From these considerations he passes to reply to certain queries put forth in the January number of the "Edinburgh Review," but for these we must refer our readers to the pamphlet itself.

From this course of consideration our author passes to what he believes would be an effective means of tranquillizing Ireland. He

proposes stringent measures ; not so much the formation of new laws as a firm and impartial administration of the old. We feel, however, that we shall be doing him fairer justice if we make room for his own words. In closing our notice of this able pamphlet, we do it with a strong recommendation of its perusal by all parties. It is fair and just to look even at what we differ from in every aspect, placing ourselves in the position of our opponents, that we may the more fully enter into their views, and, if still unconvinced, be the better able to controvert. In the present instance, whether differing or agreeing, all must admit that the author of this pamphlet thinks and reasons with power, and expresses himself with energy and eloquence.

“ It is the prevalence of this murderous conspiracy, in both forms, agrarian and combine, that really convulses Ireland, and though the circumstance of the victims being commonly Protestants, gives it an apparent religious character, it is not solely on religious grounds they suffer ; it is because—firstly, the Protestants accumulate capital more rapidly ; and secondly, because many landlords, feeling insecure among a peasantry from whom they are unhappily estranged, endeavour to surround themselves with a Protestant tenantry, as a body-guard, and thereby bring down upon themselves and the strangers they introduce the vengeance of those who imagine they have a prior claim to the land in question.

“ This is the real giant evil that is now gnawing at the vitals of Ireland, and until it be remedied there can be no sound foundation for prosperity in the future ; it is no use passing new, stringent, and irritating acts, if the ordinary laws are not to be enforced ; it is the certainty, not the severity of the law, that makes it effective, and until a reasonable amount of certainty is introduced into the operation of the criminal law in Ireland, that country will be always disturbed. Military law might do something towards this, and if the present state of the country continues, may become necessary ; but it is the nature of military law, that it produces much evil, both in the present and in the future, and that its good effects cease the moment its powers expire ; but there is a remedy for this state of things in the common law of England and the ancient Brehon law of Ireland, and that is the principle laid down by Alfred, and still, after the lapse of a thousand years, in active operation in England—that of making the neighbourhood responsible for the peace being kept within it.

“ If upon a murder being committed, and the assassin escaping, a fine of ten shillings or a pound were levied upon the occupying tenant of every house and every farm within five miles of the spot, people would soon get tired of harbouring and succouring murderers ; and the first instance of a murderer, taken red-handed in the act by those who were near when it was committed, handed over to justice, tried by a special commission, before time was allowed to intimidate, assassinate, or buy off the witnesses, convicted and executed within, perhaps, a fortnight of his crime, would lockjaw the whole system of predial disturbance from one end of the land to the other ; and it is upon the impunity of predial and combine outrage, leading directly to an habitual disregard of all law whatever, that the political disturbance rests.”

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*Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain. A Supplementary Report on the Results of a Special Inquiry into the Practice of Interment in Towns. Made at the Request of her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, By EDWIN CHADWICK, Esq., Barrister at Law. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Command of her Majesty.*

Although this Report does not come within the class of those works eligible to the general public, comprising, as it necessarily does, details of our frail humanity full of repulsion and pain, yet having received it from high authority, and acknowledging it to involve a subject of the very deepest importance, we feel it to be our duty to call the attention of the influential portion of our readers to an especial consideration of its pages, so that they may be prepared to give the weight of their influence advisedly.

The evils attending Metropolitan interments amid an over-crowded population are of a number and magnitude which attest themselves. In no instance does the progress of time enforce a departure from the custom of our ancestors so importunately as in this, and though it may not be without a sensation of poignant regret that we abandon the time-honoured custom of consigning the sacred remains of those we have loved on earth to the consecrated keeping of our parish churches, the places where all the most holy rites of our religion have been commemorated by them; yet care for the living is a paramount duty, and the necessity of change has reached a climax from which there is no appeal.

Mr. Chadwick's Report, instituted by the especial request of the Home Secretary, is one of the most important documents that could have been laid before the world. We know that the inroads of evil customs may be so gradual as to elude general observation, and even when they have reached a threatening magnitude, they still require exposition to the general public. Mr. Chadwick's Report is a most able summing up of the evils of our present mode of interment, and offers sanatory suggestions that demand especial consideration.

We know that the subject is one which ought to be approached with the most tender care, since nothing can be so sacred as the feelings which cling to the last sight of the lifeless clay; added to which, measures, which might be met with ready acquiescence in continental cities, would be regarded with peculiar jealousy by a population so eminently domestic as our own. Mr. Chadwick has, however, fully appreciated the difficulties of the subject, and his suggestions are as much those of real humanity as of sound wisdom. He would willingly prepare the way for the institution of national cemeteries, and for the regulation of interments through the intermediation of appointed officers. In the sad bereavements common to our humanity, the humbler classes labour under a weight of superadded anguish which might be relieved. When least able to protect themselves, they are left open too often to a system of extortion which their exhausted finances are unable to meet, and with which their depressed spirits are utterly incompetent to cope. At this extremity it is that the guardianship of the legislature should step in, and while the danger of all appearance,

and more especially of all reality, of inquisitorial dictation, should be most carefully avoided, yet the option of being relieved from an afflictive pressure which crushes them down, and the mitigation of expenses which they are unable to meet, seems but the parental care of a guardian government. The importance of some sanatory regulations whereby the dangers of contagious diseases may be obviated is also a vital feature in his plan. We again repeat that while as a household book of general reading, this Report would only bring before the family circle material of repugnant grief, yet that it has the far higher interest of offering suggestions in mitigation of some of the saddest sufferings of our humanity, that it ought to be in the hands of every thinking and influential man, and that all classes should feel it a matter of duty to promote its suggestions.

We append some sections of Mr. Chadwick's Report on the "Evils which Require Remedies," and their proposed prevention or mitigation.

"I. AS TO THE EVILS WHICH REQUIRE REMEDIES.

"§ 237. That the emanations from human remains are of a nature to produce fatal disease, and to depress the general health of whosoever is exposed to them; and that interments in the vaults of churches, or in grave-yards surrounded by inhabited houses, contribute to the mass of atmospheric and other impurities by which the general health and average duration of life of the inhabitants is diminished.

"§ 238. That the places of burial in towns or crowded districts are usually destitute of proper seclusion or means for impressive religious service, and are exposed to desecrations revolting to the popular feelings; and that feelings of aversion are manifest in the increasing removals or abandonment of family vaults and places of burial, and the preference, often at increased expense, of interments in suburban cemeteries, which are better fitted to raise mental associations of greater quiet, respect, and security as places of repose.

"§ 239. That the greatest injury done by emanations from decomposing remains of the dead to the health of the living of the labouring classes, in many populous districts, arises from the long retention of the body before interment in the single rooms in which families of those classes live and have their meals, and sleep, and where the deaths, in the greater number of instances, take place; and that closely successive deaths of members of the same family, from the same disease, are very frequent amongst the labouring classes; and that, where the disease has not been occasioned by the emanations from the first dead body, as sometimes appears to have been the case, or where the disease has either arisen from a common cause, or may have been communicated before death from the living person, the diseases are apparently rendered much more fatal by this practice of the retention of the dead body in the one living room previous to interment.

"§ 240. That this practice of the prolonged retention of the dead in such crowded rooms, besides being physically injurious, is morally degrading and brutalizing.

"§ 241. That this practice is frequently the most powerfully influenced by the difficulty of raising the expenses of funerals, which in this country press grievously on the labouring and middle classes of the community, and are extravagant and wasteful to all classes, and occasion severe suffering and moral evil.

"§ 242. That, on the best proximate estimates which have been made, the total amount of the whole of the yearly expenses of funerals in the

metropolis cannot be less than between six and seven hundred thousand pounds, and for the whole of Great Britain between four and five millions sterling per annum.

"§ 243. That it appears, upon examination in the metropolis, that notwithstanding the great expense of funerals, the existing arrangements for conducting them are on an unsatisfactory footing, and that great difficulties stand in the way of any efficient amendment, whilst the practice of interment in the crowded districts is retained.

"§ 244. That on the occurrence of a death amongst the poorest classes or amongst strangers, the survivors are commonly destitute of means of precaution against oppressive charges and of trust-worthy advice or counsel, as to the modes of burial such as are afforded by the civic arrangements of other civilized countries.

"§ 245. That on the occurrence of deaths from preventible causes of disease, there are no appointed means for the detection and removal of those causes, and that strangers and new-comers, having no warning, are successively exposed, and frequently fall victims to them.

"§ 246. That common causes of diseases which ravage the community, of the extent of operation of which causes it has a deep interest in knowing, pass unexamined and undetected; moreover, that in many districts there are wide opportunities for the escape of crimes, by which life is also rendered insecure, chiefly by the omission of efficient arrangements for the due verification of the fact and causes of death.

"§ 247. That the numbers of funerals, and intensity of the misery attendant upon them, vary amongst the different classes of society in proportion to the internal and external circumstances of their habitations: that the deaths and funerals vary in the metropolis from 1 in every 30 of the population annually (and even more in ill-conditioned districts), to 1 in 56 in better-conditioned districts: from 1 death and funeral in every 28 inhabitants in an ill-conditioned provincial town district, to 1 in 64 in a better-conditioned rural district: such differences of the condition of the population being accompanied by still closer coincidences in the variation of the span of life, the average age of all who die in some ill-conditioned districts of the metropolis being 26 years only, whilst in better-conditioned districts it is 36 years: the variations of the age of deaths being in some provincial towns, such as Leicester, from 15 years in the ill-conditioned to 24 years in the better-conditioned districts: and as between town and rural districts 17 or 18 years for the whole population of Liverpool, and 39 years for the whole population of Hereford; and that the total excess of deaths and funerals in England and Wales alone, above the commonly attained standards of health, being at the least between thirty and forty thousand annually."

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*Memoirs of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland.* By L. STANHOPE F. BUCKINGHAM.

It is a noble and elevated essential in the sublime character of truth, that while constantly, in all ages and with all people, exposed to contumely and misrepresentation, it ever does, ever must, ever will, ultimately reassert its own divinity. Calumny may depress, malice may obscure, but ultimately *right* must prevail. The forms of error are indeed multifarious, and we as frequently detect its operations in lauding the characters which ought to be censured, as in condemning those who deserve an approving admiration. But Time generally presents himself before the world as a witness for Truth. Time disperses the mists of prejudice, and comes forward with his testimony



when selfish motives have gone with those who held them to the grave. A man may be long maligned, but not for ever. Even on earth men live in their memory while their mortal part moulders in decay. The interests of selfishness and passion may pollute with the serpent's slime the fair name of a long-departed individual, but the justice of time shall wash away all that might temporarily deface but could not stain, leaving the reputation purer and brighter from that very process.

Mary Queen of Scotland furnishes us with a most powerful as well as illustrious example of this truth. Herself the victim of a fatal position, her very memory has suffered martyrdom among us. But later generations, having outlived the motives of malignant enmity, have gradually been clearing from her grave that stupendous monument of infamy which her contemporaries had built up. A generous reaction has taken place. Champions have arisen anxious only for the interests of truth and the fair name of a much injured woman, and the memory of a most unhappy queen; and among them none have discharged their honourable task with greater zeal or better ability than Mr. Buckingham, whose work is now before us.

Of all the frenzies which agitate society religious frenzy is undoubtedly the most violent. Other passions are known to be of human origin, but men delude themselves into the belief that this is divine; they mistake fanaticism for religion—fearful error—and while thus encouraging themselves in the supposed sanction of Deity, imagine crimes to be virtues, and so emulate each other in their perpetration. Mary's date was that at which the shock of contending opinions acted as the disruption of society. The Reformation could scarcely be considered settled. There raged a mighty civil war of religion. In England the Roman Catholic party was still strong. Although Elizabeth's animosity towards her sister queen might be augmented by a strong and baleful feeling of womanly envy and rivalry, yet deeper motives and more powerful interests strengthened that enmity into a hatred which was one unto death. Elizabeth might feel the tottering of her Protestant throne. She knew that she was no queen in the estimation of her Roman Catholic subjects. Denying Henry's right to repudiate Katherine, they could not admit the validity of his marriage with Anne Boleyn, nor consequently the legitimacy of Elizabeth. The Pope had also issued his veto. The strength of Protestantism alone kept the English queen upon her throne. In the estimation of her Roman Catholic subjects she was an usurper, and Mary, the legitimate granddaughter of Henry VII., the lawful sovereign as well of England as of Scotland. Thus it was love of empire that made Elizabeth persecute unto death her most unhappy rival, and which suffered her not to stop until she had consummated that crime of murder, after the violation of every right of relationship and hospitality, which has brought upon her own memory such never-ending odium.

Had Mary avowed her own claim to the English crown, which however she never openly did, only dwelling upon her right of succession, it still was that which her religion taught her to consider just and right, and the opinion being shared by multitudes of others,

could not be counted as a crime. The black odium of confederating with assassins and conspiring her husband's death, and that too at a moment when she was lulling his fears by a tender oblivion of all their past disagreements, with the crowning crime of marrying his chief murderer, these are the dark stains which require purging, these the black lines which defame her monumental stone and demand erasure, and this is the task which Mr. Buckingham has set himself, with a right chivalrous spirit, to accomplish. Mary's suppositious passion for Bothwell has always been taken as the hinge on which her actions moved; but we have always looked upon this as apocryphal. It is a new object that inspires a new emotion, and Bothwell had long been not only Mary's faithful subject, but that of her predecessor. Had she favoured him, he, not Henry Darnley, would have been her second and not her third consort. Besides, Bothwell was of disproportioned age to Mary. There might be gratitude for his services, but certainly not a love that could dare every crime for its heinous gratification—certainly not love at all. We are indebted to Mr. Buckingham for throwing new light upon the matter of Mary's enforced tolerance of Bothwell. He had made himself the master of her fate by a daring recklessness of crime, and she, who bore the odium was in fact the victim. Mr. Buckingham justly adduces the facts of Mary's conduct immediately upon her marriage, even on the same and ensuing day, when she raved for the means of suicide, and declared herself hopeless of all future happiness of life. In truth, as our author justly remarks, this was not the bearing of a woman who had attained a long-desired happiness. The Queen of Scotland's guilt heretofore rested on the testimony of letters purporting to be written by her own hand, and if considered genuine, of course sealing her own condemnation; but Mr. Buckingham adduces strong and cogent reasons for their entire rejection. His reasoning, indeed, is most convincing; though generously warm in her justification, he does not seek to convince with a one-sided reasoning. He has, indeed, brought much new matter before us, and placed some that was old in a new light: he has laboured successfully in research, his style is animated and agreeable, and his whole work ennobled by an honourable object, at once a useful and agreeable addition to literature. After this commendation, Mr. Buckingham must, however, allow us to make one exception: his zeal on the side of the suffering and unfortunate Mary, and his just severity on those who worked out for her so sad a doom, need not have led him into an acrimony of expression against the reformed church. It is a far older thing than creeds that must bear the blame of man's excesses—it is his fallen and corrupt nature in all times, and under all circumstances, still, still, unhappily the same.

Much of Mary's reputed guilt has rested on the genuineness of those letters, which, professing to be written by her own hand, have condemned herself. Mr. Buckingham, in establishing these as forgeries, of course destroys their testimony. We give a portion of his reasons for nullifying this evidence.

“ But some who have been accustomed to place great reliance on illustrious names, and who have been distinguished writers, without inquiring

very particularly into the authorities by which they are supported, may be inclined to correct me here, by asserting that the members of the Privy Council and their temporary coadjutors, were not the only persons who saw and examined these suppositious letters. True, indeed, it is, that Sir James Mackintosh, a man from whom, if we judged from the principles which he preached, we should expect at least liberality of spirit—declares, that these documents were seen at Edinburgh, at York, and at Westminster, by hundreds of persons, friends as well as foes to Mary, but most of whom knew her hand-writing; and we might be inclined to credit a statement put forward with such confidence and boldness. But, of all the malignant falsehoods which have been uttered by the defamers of Mary Stuart, in order to sustain their otherwise sinking cause,—and how many and how specious they are, none who have not entered into the controversy can be able to conceive—this is at once the most malicious and the most groundless. At Edinburgh they were not produced at all, as has been shown by the most vehement presumptions; and, if they had been, it would have been in a parliament of men whose very lives depended on the ruin of the queen; and many of whom were so far from being good judges of hand-writing, that they could not write themselves; at York they were professedly exhibited in private to three commissioners; and even at London, the Lords of Privy Council, who, if all were present, numbered only twenty; four commissioners; and six additional peers, called in on the 14th and 15th of December, were alone favoured, and then under a strict oath of secrecy, with their inspection. And yet, in the face of all these facts, which are proved by every record to which we can obtain access, an historian, who claims for himself the character of an impartial writer, pollutes his pages with a falsehood so clear as this, and draws from his own fiction an argument to sustain his slanderous defamation of an oppressed and unprotected woman! But I trust myself to say no more, for honest indignation would assume the guidance of my pen, and expressions which had better be avoided, might present temptations too powerful to be resisted.

“In vain did Mary, as we already know, demand a sight of the original papers; in vain did she apply for copies, which were refused, unless upon a condition which it would be impossible to fulfil—a promise to answer fully to such copies, while the proof of forgery on which all would depend, could be drawn only from the originals themselves; and in fine, they were sent back again with Murray into Scotland, and a final examination of them prevented for ever by those who had always thrown obstacles in its way; and they have since altogether disappeared. To most persons it will appear probable, that the disappearance may very easily be accounted for, when we consider the fears which Murray entertained of their sufficiency, and his eager impatience for their instant return into his hands; and his party will be stamped at once as the destroyers of papers which had served their turn, and could now be of use no more; and, since no proof whatever has been produced against a conjecture which seems so very consistent with probability and truth, the reader will have no reason to distrust an impression, which is so very likely to arise in his mind, that the ultimate destruction of these documents can be only attributed to the same cause which prompted the constant concealment to which they were subjected in England—a conviction of their forgery, and a knowledge of their inability to sustain any examination.

“Such, then, is the history of these letters, from the first hint of their pretended existence down to their final exit from the scene. The desire to avoid fatiguing my readers with over-critical disquisitions has induced me to pass some minor points in silence, and to treat upon others less fully than they deserve; but those circumstances which have been noticed, the evident falsity of the account of their first capture—the great and irreconcilable discrepancy between the descriptions of them—their ap-



pearances in two different languages—the constant care to prevent them from being publicly inspected, and final and hurried disappearance when an inspection was demanded as the condition of reply,—all seem to me to afford strong ground for suspicion of their forgery; and the contents which we shall now examine will give certainty to our doubts, and will place the fabrication of the letters upon the firmest and most enduring basis.”

*Voyages Round the World, from the Death of Captain Cook to the present time; including Remarks on the Social Condition of the Inhabitants in the recently discovered countries, their progress in the Arts, and more especially their advancement in Religious Knowledge.*

A former volume of the Cabinet Library having given a history of those various and adventurous voyages round the world antecedent to those of the unfortunate but enterprising Captain Cook, the present one takes up the chain from that period, and completes the continuation.

The spirited and intelligent motives which have actuated the proprietors of the Cabinet Library, can scarcely be spoken of in terms of too warm commendation. By their instrumentality, enlarged and collective views of subjects of high importance and commanding interest are opened out and made available to the world, on terms so easy as to come within the reach of the whole general public. It is not that the labours, however important, of a solitary individual are presented, but all that can complete the amount of available information is collected into one view, making a rich treasury from many sources. And not only are these productions rendered as complete as possible, but they are also on subjects of the greatest exciting moment. What can equal in commanding interest the history of the portions of our globe on which the various tribes of our race hold their habitations, or the tracing those progressive stages by which they are led on to civilization and refinement? The interests of science, also, are of paramount importance, and these are being constantly advanced by the efforts of those intellectual men who in modern days have superseded the bold and adventurous class of navigators, whose courage was their leading characteristic. But the preface of this volume well expresses the importance of the aim and the energies of the endeavour.

“It is perhaps in respect to science that the greatest triumph has been gained over the obscurities of nature in the remote parts of the earth. Regarded as a branch of those facts and theories which relate to the physical constitution of our planet, to the forces which bind together its mass, regulate the structure of its surface, explain the history of its past changes, as well as the infinitely varied affections of the air and ocean, the study of terrestrial magnetism occupies a highly interesting place. No single observer, whatever may be his zeal or industry, and no series of observations, however exact or long continued, if made at a single place, can supply such a degree of knowledge as the exigencies of navigation require. To effect the purpose so much desired by all maritime states, a comparison of the results attained in every region of the globe, and extended over long periods of time, is absolutely requisite. In order to master so vast a subject, concert and combination have been found quite indispensable: it is necessary to fix and reduce under general heads the phenomena of the passing moment, and to present them to the eye of science in that metho-

dical arrangement which brings spontaneously into notice both their agreements and their differences.

"To accomplish an object so important to our knowledge of the laws of nature as well as of practical philosophy, the principal powers of Europe have at length united their endeavours with a degree of zeal and unanimity which no other object, since the era of the Crusades, has succeeded in calling forth. The result, too, generally speaking, has been equal to the pains bestowed upon it in both hemispheres, and in the highest latitudes to which the traveller by sea or land has been able to penetrate. Duperrey and Freycinet supplied on their return many observations accurately registered and well defined; but a still more valuable accession to the stores of scientific information, in the particular research now specified, has been made by the voyage towards the South Pole conducted by Captains Ross and Crozier. The reader cannot fail to look forward with much impatience to an authentic detail of the proceedings which marked the progress of these distinguished officers, during the long period spent by them in that stormy sea which, amidst desert islands and fields of ice, stretches beyond the antarctic circle."

From the days of Cook to our own, we have had navigators of highly cultivated intelligence and energetic ardour, and from the labours of such men has this work been concocted. We speak not of our countrymen alone, but of those possessed with a like spirit of enterprise, actuated by the same motives, receiving their commissions from our neighbour countries. The works of these successive voyagers have been carefully investigated, and as the result, we have a volume full of the most interesting matter that their various labours effected. This species of concentration of the material gained from every available source has the advantage of possessing the largest amount of valuable information, of uniting into one view all that has been done and all that is known, presenting us with an important aggregate of varied information, and at the same time being divested of all tediousness and extraneous matter. These volumes are, in fact, libraries in themselves. They comprise a summary of all that has been done, and place the compendium within easy reach of the public. We need not add that we value them highly, and recommend them accordingly.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- The Chinese War, by Lieut. Ouchterlony, 8vo. 25s.  
 Honour : a Tale, 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
 The Gleaner, by Mrs. Parkerson, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.  
 The Danube illustrated, by W. H. Bartlett, 4to. 2l. 2s.  
 Confessions of a Whitefoot, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
 The White Mask, by Mrs. Thomson, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.  
 Ali Khan ; or, the Massacre of Benares, fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
 Spain under Charles the Second, by Lord Mahon, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 6s. 6d.  
 Chatsworth ; or, the Romance of a Week, edited by J. Plumer Ward, Esq., 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.  
 Blanche Cressingham, 2 vols. post 8vo. 24s.  
 The Fortunes of the Falconars, by Mrs. Gordon, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.  
 Amy Herbert, edited by the Rev. W. Sewell, 2 vols. royal 18mo. 9s.  
 The Heimskringla, or Chronicles of the Kings of Norway, translated by S. Laing, Esq. 5 vols. 8vo. 1l. 16s.  
 The Handbook of India, by J. H. Stocqueler, post 8vo. 14s.  
 Wild Sports in Europe, Asia, and Africa, by Lieut.-Col. E. Napier, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s.

- Memoirs of Eminent Englishwomen. By Miss Louisa Stuart Costello. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 10s.  
 The Logic of Political Economy. By Thomas De Quincey. 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
 The Child's Book of Homilies. 12mo. 2s.  
 Memoirs of Admiral de Coligny. Translated by Scott. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
 The Boy's Treasury of Sports and Pastimes. By J. Williams. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
 Historical and Chronological Questions. By W. E. Blackmore. Second Edition. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
 Jessie Phillips, a Tale of the New Poor Law. By Mrs. Trollope, with plates by Leech, 1 vol. 8vo. 12s. cloth.  
 The Crock of Gold, a Rural Novel. By M. F. Tupper. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.  
 The Year Book of Facts, for 1844. fcap. 8vo. 5s. cloth.  
 Scenes in the Sandwich Islands. By J. Jarvis. 12mo. 8s. cloth.  
 Blunt's Posthumous Sermons. 12mo. 6s. cloth.  
 Sir Walter Scott's Poetry, Vol. II. fcap. 8vo. 5s. cloth.  
 Biographical Illustrations of Westminster Abbey, Part II. medium 8vo. 3s. 6d. sd.  
 Survey of the Holy Land: its Geography, History, and Destiny. By J. T. Banister. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.

### LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

WE have this month to announce a work which we venture to predict will be read with avidity, embracing anecdotes of the most celebrated personages of our time. *THE MEMOIRS OF THE LATE GEORGE BRUMMELL, ESQ., (commonly called Beau Brummell,)* by Captain Jesse. The public will be pleased to hear that this important work is to proceed from the pen of Captain Jesse, who enjoyed a close intimacy with the subject of his memoir, we understand, for many years.

Lieut. Ouchterlony's new work, *THE CHINESE WAR*, is now ready, and we are happy to see our estimate of its value so fully corroborated. We hear it spoken of everywhere with the highest approbation. A very considerable demand at home and abroad will, no doubt, await it.

Mrs. Gordon's new work, *THE FORTUNES OF THE FALCONARS*, is also just published, and we have had the pleasure of noticing it in our review department. The name being so extensively used, it may be proper to state that Mrs. Gordon of Campbeltown, is the lady to whom we are indebted for this lively work. It cannot fail of being highly appreciated, especially by the admirers of Mrs. Gordon's former productions.

Mr. Mills is, we understand, proceeding with the printing of his new work, *THE ENGLISH FIRESIDE*, which we lately announced, and to which we look forward with expectations, which we have no question will be fully realized.

*THE TALES OF A LAY BROTHER*, will be ready about the end of the month. It is, we understand, a work of a very original character.

Mrs. Jameson's *GUIDE TO THE PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERIES* is expected to appear speedily.

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A valuable work which we lately mentioned, entitled *THE PRINT COLLECTOR*, is also nearly ready. This is one of those works which carry with them their own credentials. It contains the actual experience of a gentleman who has indulged his taste in collecting curious prints, at no small expense, for the last twenty years. It will be embellished with some beautiful engravings.

## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

In the manufacturing markets business continues to be transacted on a fair footing, but cotton seems to be the chief article of speculation, founded on a presumed decrease of the crop to be exported from the United States. On this expectation many of the merchants have withdrawn their samples, counting on an increased consumption and a decreased supply, and consequently trusting to higher prices. There have been moderately ample arrivals of grain, and though the foreign wheat transactions have not been extensive, there is little English left on hand. In sugar the market has been steady at rates somewhat in favour of the buyer. Coffee has been realizing good prices. In other things there has been but little change.

**MONEY MARKET.**—A steady market has been prevailing, with a tendency to advance. The Irish State Trials have not been attended with any injurious effect on the funds, and as tranquillity has not been disturbed in the sister country, quotations have in some degree improved. The purchases by the government brokers on account of Savings' Banks, as also those for the Court of Chancery, the Sinking Fund, and some public bodies, quite meet the supply of the market. Much interest has been excited among the banking community as to the result of the representations made to Sir Robert Peel on the desirableness of certain privileges being granted to them respecting the power of accepting bills, and of limitations of distance as the bounds of their operations.

## PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Monday, 26th of February.

### ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 195 one-half.—Consols for Acct. 97 five-eighths.—Three per Cents. Consols, Anns. 97 one-half.—Three and a Half per Cents. Red. Anns. 103 one-fourth.—Indian Stock, 278.—Exchequer Bills, small, 1½d. 70s. 69s. pr.

### FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 54 seven-eighths.—Spanish Three per Cent. Acct. 33 seven-eighths.—Spanish Three per Cents. 33 three-eighths.—Mexican Five per Cent. 34 three eighths.—Dutch Five per Cent. 102 five-eighths.

## BANKRUPTS.

FROM JAN. 23 TO FEB. 23, 1844, INCLUSIVE.

Jan. 23.—F. B. Courtenay, Great Marlborough-street, bookseller.—F. Shaw, Loudon-wall, builder.—W. Emmins, Montpelier-row, Brompton, builder.—C. Williamson, Regent-street, hosier.—R. Maryon, Chigwell, Essex, blacksmith.—H. Cleeve, Rettendon, Essex, cow-keeper.—T. Parr, Liverpool, plumber.—

J. Robinson, Nottingham, wharfinger.—C. S. Jackson, Leeds, cloth merchant.

Jan. 26.—R. Tebay, Winchester, plumber.—M. Beswick, Norwich, wine-merchant.—J. Rolfe, Uxbridge, coal-merchant.—W. Evans, Borthwen, Merionethshire, miller.—J. Rushton, jun. Nottingham, livery-stablekeeper.—G.

Morgan, Gloucester, carrier.—J. Wilson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen manufacturer.—J. Fothergill, sen., Selby, Yorkshire, apothecary.—H. Hitchin, Halifax, ironmonger.

Jan. 30.—G. Hitler, Sun street, Bishopsgate-street, varnish manufacturer.—T. Berridge, Manchester, tobacconist.—J. Tobb, Basingstoke, draper.—T. Balls, Thames-street, iron-merchant.—J. Leech, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ironmonger.—W. Butcher, Great Marlborough-street, Westminster, commission-agent.—A. Lequeutre, Chisford-mills, Essex, miller.—H. March, Norton-under-Hamdon, Somersetshire, sail cloth manufacturer.—T. Rodnam, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer and ale and porter merchant.

Feb. 2.—D. Lamont, Grapes public-house, West Smithfield, dealer in foreign wines.—W. L. Wood, Bishopsgate-street-within, export ironmonger.—R. Pettit, Exning, Suffolk, livery stable keeper.—J. H. Perryman, Birmingham, bookseller.—R. Phillott, Blagdon, Somersetshire, scrivener.—J. R. Drage, Leeds, tallow-merchant.—W. Webb, Leamington, hotel-keeper.—G. C. Cooper, Leeds, butcher.—W. Thompson and J. Mellis, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants.

Feb. 6.—H. Tisoe, Hertford, carpenter.—F. Hillam, Cambridge-terrace, Edgeware-road, ale-merchant.—N. T. Smith, jun. Lime street, ship-owner.—T. Langridge, Tonbridge Wells, auctioneer.—T. White, Regent-street, Marylebone, lace dealer.—R. Hone, Garnault-place, Spa-fields, stationer.—J. Hardley, Newport, Isle of Wight, miller.—C. Sutton, Southampton, grocer.—M. Ogston, Davies-street, Berkeley-square, watchmaker.—J. Moore, Tamworth, draper.—T. Gregory, Poulshot, Wiltshire, miller.—R. Chapman, Scorton, Yorkshire, inn-keeper.—J. and G. Ewart, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, auctioneer.—G. Walton, Stockton-on-Tees, wine-merchant.—S. Billington, Birkenhead, Cheshire, woollen-draper.—M. Tildesley, Porto Bello, Staffordshire, timber-dealer.

Feb. 9.—E. Minster, Argyll-place, Regent-street, tailor.—F. J. Scott, St. Alban's, apothecary.—J. Hetherington, H. Docker, and C. Johnson, Quadrant, Regent-street, lamp dealers.—C. Teesdale, and R. Toulson, Westminster.

bridge-road, furnishing ironmongers.—S. W. Leonard, Frances-street, Golden-square, butcher.—W. Lewis, Bristol, carpenter.—J. Aldred, Nottingham, wholesale stationer.

Feb. 13.—J. Faulkner, Danvers-street, Chelsea, builder.—J. Milner, Brook-street, New-road, engine manufacturer.—T. Amos, Kingsland-road, builder.—E. M. Marks, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square.—G. Field, Bond-court, Walbrook, packer and merchant.—R. Turner, Woodsome Lees, Yorkshire, fancy cloth manufacturer.—T. Higginson, Liverpool, pawnbroker.—J. H. Barry, Liverpool, merchant.—T. Lay, Dudley, grocer.—R. Lang, Mill-bridge, Birstal, Yorkshire, tallow chandler.

Feb. 16.—H. Walker, Luton, Bedfordshire, cordwainer.—J. Hannen, Little Britain, tallow melter.—H. W. Smith, Tothill-street, Westminster, woollen draper.—R. Beckley, South Audley-street, grocer.—H. R. Osborne, Truro, grocer.—M. Murphy, Liverpool, grocer.—J. Holroyd, North-moor, Northumberland, farmer.—H. Holden, Dewsbury, dealer in fuller's earth.—E. Jones, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, dealer in iron.—H. Mitchell, Nottingham, fellmonger.—T. Nuttall, Rochdale, pork butcher.—T. Norman, Penketh, Lancashire, sail-cloth manufacturer.

Feb. 20.—R. Beckley, North Audley-street, grocer.—R. L. Sturtevant, Bethnal-green, soap manufacturer.—W. G. Rowley, Dover-road, Southwark, wine merchant.—I. Lumley, Corn-wall-road, victualler.—T. Bryson, Addle-street, City, commission agent.—J. C. Petrie, Bedlington, Durham, miller.—T. Westren, Brushford, Devonshire, malster.—J. Glazebrook, Birmingham, carpenter.—R. Davenport, jun., Birmingham, plumber.

Feb. 23.—R. E. Lee, and J. Haddock, Craven-yard, Drury-lane, steam-machine printers.—J. Conaway, Gray's Inn-lane, cheesemonger.—E. Arnatt, Oxford, baker.—W. Golding, Glemsford, Suffolk, innkeeper.—R. Penny, Cokermonth, mercer.—W. Jackson, Liverpool, baker.—J. Hughes, Liverpool, painter.—J. Mattalieu, High Stile, Yorkshire, woollen manufacturer.

## NEW PATENTS.

R. A. Brooman, of Fleet Street, Gentleman, for certain improvements in figure-weaving machinery. Dec. 28th, 1843, 6-months. Communication.

T. M. Gladstone, of the Swan Garden Iron Works, Wolverhampton, Ironmaster, for certain improvements in machines for cutting or shearing iron or other metals, which improvements are applicable to other like purposes. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

G. B. Thorneycroft, of Wolverhampton, Ironmaster, for a machine for rolling, squeezing, or compressing puddled balls of iron, and also for crushing or grinding other substances. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

R. N. Elven, of Southampton Street, Camberwell, Shoemaker, for Improvements in the manufacture of boots, shoes, goloshes, and clogs, which improvements are applicable to the manufacture of leather hose and buckets. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

H. Lowcock, of Westmoreland, Yeoman, for improvements in ploughs. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

E. Budd, of Haford Copper Works, Swansea, Glamorgan, Copper Merchant, and W. Morgan, of the same place, Refiner of Copper, for improvements in treating or reducing copper ores, and in the construction of furnaces for treating such ores, part of which improvements are applicable to other ores. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

G. Gwynne, of Regent Street, Gentleman, and G. F. Wilson, of Belmont, Vauxhall, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of candles and in treating

fatty and oily matters, to obtain products for the manufacture of candles and other uses. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

J. Champion, of Salford, Lancaster, Machinist, and T. Marsden, of the same place, Machine Maker, for improvements in drawing and spinning cotton and other fibrous substances. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

A. Denoon, of Adam's Court, Broad Street, London, Merchant, for improvements in the mode of making carbonate of soda. Jan. 1st, 1844, 6 months.

A. Denoon, of Adam's Court, Broad Street, London, Merchant, for improvements in the mode of making muriate of ammonia. Jan. 1st, 6 months.

W. Longmaid, of the borough of Plymouth, Accountant, for an improvement in the manufacture of copper, tin, zinc, and per-oxide of iron. Jan. 1st, 6 months.

J. Hinks, G. Wells, and J. Finemore, all of Birmingham, Metallic Pen Makers, for improvements in the manufacture of metallic pens and in machines for manufacturing metallic pens. Jan. 4th, 6 months.

W. Wright, of Duke Street, St. James's, Surgeon, for certain improvements in rendering leather skins or hides impervious to wet, more flexible, and more durable. Jan. 11th, 6 months.

L. Hill, jun., of Glasgow, Civil Engineer, for improvements in machinery for manufacturing shoes for horses and other animals. Jan. 11th, 6 months. Communication.

W. Hale, of Woolwich, in the County of Kent, Engineer, for improvements in rockets. Jan. 11th, 6 months.

R. Foulerton, of the Jamaica Coffee House, Cornhill, Master Mariner, for certain improved machinery for moving vessels and other floating apparatus. Jan. 13th, 6 months.

A. M. de Glimes, of Pantou Street, Haymarket, Gentleman, for certain improvements in apparatus for propelling vessels on water, and also in machinery capable of communicating manual power to work the same, which machinery is also applicable to raising heavy bodies, and exerting power for various other purposes. Jan. 13th, 6 months.

H. Bessemer, of Baxter House, St. Pancras, Engineer, for a new pigment or paint, and the method of preparing the same; part of which method is also applicable to the preparing and treating of oils, turpentine, varnishes, and gold-size, when employed to fix metallic powders and metal leaf, or as a means of protecting the same. Jan. 13th, 6 months.

J. Lindley, of Cranbourne Street, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in coffins. Jan. 16th, 6 months.

T. Aspinwall, of Bishopgate Church-yard, Esq., for an improved cannon, formed either of wrought iron or steel, or wrought iron and steel combined; and also instruments and machinery used in making, and method of making said cannon. Jan. 16th, 6 months.

C. Cameron, of Liverpool, Chemist, for improvements in extinguishing fires in buildings. Jan. 16th, 6 months.

B. Cheverton, of Pratt Street, Camden Town, Sculptor in Ivory, for Improvements in machinery for cutting wood and other materials. Jan. 16th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for facilitating the tracing and copying of designs, drawings, and etchings of all kinds, either of the original size or upon an enlarged or reduced scale. Jan. 16th, 6 months.

W. Watson, of Leeds, manufacturing chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of sulphate, muriate, and other salts of ammonia. January 16th, 6 months.

W. Nichol, of Edinburgh, Lithographer and Printer, for improvements in lithographic and other printing presses. Jan. 16th, 6 months.

J. F. Empson, of Birmingham, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the construction and manufacture of buttons and other fastenings for dress. Jan. 16th, 6 months.

W. Basford, of Burslem, Staffordshire, Brick and Tile Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the mode of manufacturing bricks, tiles, quarries, and certain other articles made or composed of brick earth, and of burning and firing the same, and certain articles of pottery and earthenware. Jan. 20th, 6 months.

C. F. J. Petit, of Regent Street, Merchant, for improvements in fastenings for gloves. Jan. 23d, 6 months. Communication.

S. Wright, of Shelton, Staffordshire, for a manufacture of ornamental tiles, bricks, and quarries for floors, pavements, and other purposes, being an extension of former letters patent for the term of seven years, from the 26th instant. Jan. 23d.



T. Nash, of Paul's Cray, Kent, Paper Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the machinery for the manufacture of paper. Jan. 23d, 6 months.

H. Davies, of Norbury, Staffordshire, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of vessels for conveying goods or passengers on water; also, certain improved arrangements of machinery for communicating motion to such vessels. Jan. 25th, Six months.

## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—Feb. 1.—On Thursday her Majesty in person opened the fourth session of the present parliament.

Having seated herself on the throne, her royal consort took his seat on her left hand. After the usual formalities, her Majesty, in a clear and distinct voice, read the following speech:—

*“ My Lords and Gentlemen,*

“ It affords me great satisfaction again to meet you in parliament, and to have the opportunity of profiting by your assistance and advice.

“ I entertain a confident hope that the general peace, so necessary for the happiness and prosperity of all nations, will continue uninterrupted.

“ My friendly relations with the King of the French, and the good understanding happily established by my government and that of his Majesty, with the continued assurances of the peaceful and amicable dispositions of all princes and states, confirm me in this expectation.

“ I have directed that the treaty which I have concluded with the Emperor of China shall be laid before you; and I rejoice to think that it will in its results prove highly advantageous to the trade of this country.

“ Throughout the whole course of my negotiations with the government of China, I have uniformly disclaimed the wish for any exclusive advantages.

“ It has been my desire that equal favour should be shown to the industry and commercial enterprise of all nations.

“ The hostilities which took place during the past year in Scinde have led to the annexation of a considerable portion of that country to the British possessions in the East.

“ In all the military operations, and especially in the battles of Meeanee and Hyderabad, the constancy and valour of the troops, native and European, and the skill and gallantry of their distinguished commander, have been most conspicuous.

“ I have directed that additional information explanatory of the transactions in Scinde shall be forthwith communicated to you.

*“ Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

“ The estimates of the ensuing year will be immediately laid before you.

“ They have been prepared with a strict regard to economy, and at the same time with a due consideration of those exigencies of the public service which are connected with the maintenance of our maritime strength, and the multiplied demands on the naval and military establishments from the various parts of a widely extended empire.

*“ My Lords and Gentlemen,*

“ I congratulate you on the improved condition of several important branches of the trade and manufactures of the country.

“ I trust that the increased demand for labour has relieved, in a corresponding degree, many classes of my faithful subjects from sufferings and privations which at former periods I have had occasion to deplore.

“ For several successive years the annual produce of the revenue fell short of the public expenditure.

“ I confidently trust that in the present year the public income will be amply sufficient to defray the charges upon it.

“ I feel assured that, in considering all matters connected with the financial concerns of the country, you will bear in mind the evil consequences of accumulating debt during the time of peace, and that you will firmly resolve to uphold that public credit the maintenance of which concerns equally the permanent interests and the honour and reputation of a great country.

“ In the course of the present year the opportunity will occur of giving notice to the Bank of England on the subject of the revision of its charter.

"It may be advisable that during this session of Parliament, and previously to the arrival of the period assigned for the giving of such notice, the state of the law with regard to the privileges of the Bank of England and to other banking establishments, should be brought under your consideration.

"At the close of the last session of Parliament I declared to you my firm determination to maintain inviolate the legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland.

"I expressed at the same time my earnest desire to co-operate with Parliament in the adoption of all such measures as might tend to improve the social condition of Ireland, and to develop the natural resources of that part of the United Kingdom.

"I am resolved to act in strict conformity with this declaration.

"I forbear from observation on events in Ireland, in respect to which proceedings are pending before the proper legal tribunal.

"My attention has been directed to the state of the law and practice with regard to the occupation of land in Ireland.

"I have deemed it advisable to institute extensive local inquiries into a subject of so much importance, and have appointed a commission, with ample authority to conduct the requisite investigation.

"I recommend to your early consideration the enactments at present in force in Ireland concerning the registration of voters for Members of Parliament.

"You will probably find that a revision of the law of registration, taken in conjunction with other causes at present in operation, would produce a material diminution of the number of county voters, and that it may be advisable on that account to consider the state of the law, with a view to an extension of the county franchise in Ireland.

"I commit to your deliberate consideration the various important questions of public policy which will necessarily come under your review, with full confidence in your loyalty and wisdom, and with an earnest prayer to Almighty God to direct and favour your efforts to promote the welfare of all classes of my people."

The Commons then withdrew, and the House adjourned during pleasure.

The House of Lords resumed at five o'clock, when her Majesty's Speech was read in the usual manner.

Lord Eldon, in moving the Address, recapitulated and commented on the different topics in the Speech.—The motion was briefly seconded by Lord Hill.—The Address was agreed to.

Feb. 2.—The House of Lords met for the purpose of proceeding to the Palace with the Address voted on the preceding evening, in answer to her Majesty's gracious speech from the throne.—The House was adjourned to Monday next.

Feb. 3.—No House.

Feb. 5.—The Lord Chancellor communicated to the House of Lords her Majesty's answer to the Address presented by the House on Saturday. It was as follows:—"My Lords—I thank you for your loyal and dutiful Address. The first object of my wishes is to promote the welfare of my people, and I rely with confidence on your assurance of support in framing such measures as the interest of the country may require."—Earl Fitzwilliam moved for a return of the amount of military force in Ireland, and the expense of certain military works in that country. The motion was agreed to, the Duke of Wellington having previously announced that the government did not intend to oppose it.—A Committee was appointed for inquiring into the state of the laws relative to betting on horse races and other sports.—A Bill for putting a stop to the actions for penalties was brought in and read a first time.

Feb. 6.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 7.—No House.

Feb. 8.—Lord Brougham, in the absence of the Duke of Richmond, moved the second reading of the Bill for Discontinuing Actions for Penalties on Gaming, which, after a short conversation, was agreed to. Lord Brougham said that he intended to add a clause at the third reading, suspending future actions for such time as to allow the Committee now sitting upon the Gaming Laws to recommend and to have passed a general measure on the subject.

Feb. 9.—The Bill for Discontinuing Actions for Penalties on Gaming, was read a third time and passed.—Lord Campbell laid on the table a Bill for the Amendment of the Law of Libel, which was read a first time.

Feb. 10. No House.

Feb. 12.—The Earl of Ripon moved a vote of thanks to Sir Charles Napier and the officers and men who served under his command in the late military operations in Scinde. The resolution was agreed to.—Lord Cottenham laid on the table of the House of Lords a Bill, the object of which was to carry into effect the recommendations contained in the second part of the report of the Commission on the subject of the Insolvent Laws, which was read a first time. The Lord Chancellor laid on the table a Bill to amend the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts, which was read a first time.

Feb. 13.—The Marquis of Normanby brought forward the resolution of which he had given notice on the State of Ireland. After a speech of considerable length the noble Marquis concluded by moving the following resolution:—"That this House having, in answer to Her Majesty's most gracious Speech, assured Her Majesty that they entered into 'Her Majesty's feelings in forbearing from observations or comments on Ireland, in respect to which proceedings are pending before the proper legal tribunals,' feel it, in consequence, to be their duty to take the earliest opportunity, when no prejudice can arise therefrom in the minds of the jury, to record their intention to examine into the causes of the discontents now unhappily so prevalent in that country. That with a view to the removal of existing evils, and the restoration of confidence, this House look to the full development of the only principles of perfect union, by securing to Her Majesty's subjects, of all classes and persuasions, in all parts of the United Kingdom, the practical enjoyment of equal rights."—The subject gave rise to a long debate, which was adjourned to Thursday.

Feb. 14.—No House.

Feb 15.—The adjourned debate on the Marquis of Normanby's inquiry into the state of Ireland, was resumed. After a long discussion, the House divided, when the numbers were, not content—present, 79; proxies, 96; total, 175. Content, present, 30; proxies 39; total, 78; majority against the motion, 97.

Feb. 16.—No House.

Feb. 17.—No House.

Feb. 19.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 20.—On the motion of the Marquis of Normanby, (in the absence of the Duke of Richmond,) the Gaming Transactions (Witnesses' Indemnity Bill) was read a third time and passed. On the motion of Lord Campbell, the Law of Libel Amendment Bill was read a second time, and referred to a select committee.

Feb. 21.—No House.

Feb. 22.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 23.—The Lord Chancellor laid on the table a Bill for simplifying the transfer of real property. The motion was put and negatived.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Feb. 1.—The House of Commons commenced its proceedings with the customary reading of Her Majesty's Speech. Lord Clive moved the Address, and Mr. Cardwell seconded the motion.

Feb. 2.—Lord Clive brought up the Report on the Address, which was read a first time. The following new members took their seats:—Mr. H. Warburton, for the borough of Kendal; Mr. Campbell, for Salisbury; Mr. P. Butler, for the county of Kilkenny; Mr. J. Pattison, for the City of London; and Mr. Duncan M'Neill, for Argyllshire. Colonel Rawdon moved for a return of the electors for counties in Ireland now entitled to vote, with the name of the barony from which each elector registers; also for a similar return of the electors registered after the passing of the Irish Reform Act. Mr. B. Wood moved for a return of malt and hops for the last year. Mr. M. Milnes moved for all the Orders in Council under the Foreign Jurisdiction Act, and for any correspondence which had taken place between the government and foreign powers on the subject of criminal jurisdiction over British subjects abroad. The Metropolis Improvement Bill was read a first time.

Feb. 3.—No House.

Feb. 5.—Her Majesty's answer to the Address of the House of Commons was communicated to that House by Lord E. Bruce.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—I thank you for this dutiful and loyal Address. The declaration that you are anxious to co-operate with me in my earnest desire to promote the welfare of my people is most gratifying to my feelings. It is the unvarying object, and the constant care of my life, to promote the happiness and to merit the confidence of my faithful subjects."

Mr. Gladstone, as President of the Board of Trade, proposed the appointment of



a Select Committee to consider the standing orders relating to railways. The motion was agreed to.

Feb. 6.—Mr. Sharman Crawford, after complaining of many grievances in the expenditure, moved that "It is therefore the immediate duty of this House to make inquiry into these complaints; and as this House can have no right to vote supplies except as being the representatives of the people, it is imperatively necessary that the charges brought against its present constitution and competency, in the petitions which have been received and recorded among its proceedings, should be inquired into, and, if found to be justly made, redressed, before this House shall proceed to the voting of supplies." Mr. Williams seconded the motion. The House divided—For the original motion, 130; for Mr. Crawford's, 22—majority for the original motion, 118.

Feb. 7.—No House.

Feb. 8.—Lord Ashley, pursuant to notice, moved "an address to the Crown, praying that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to take into her consideration the situation and treatment of the Ameers of Scinde; and that she will direct their immediate restoration to liberty, and the enjoyment of their estates or with such provision for their future maintenance as may be considered a just equivalent." After some discussion the House divided—Against his motion, 202; for it, 68; majority against it, 134.

Feb. 9.—No House.

Feb. 10.—Sir James Graham obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the amendment of the Poor Law, which was granted. The Bill was read a first time, and its second reading fixed for Monday next.

Feb. 12.—Sir Robert Peel moved a vote of thanks to Sir Charles Napier and the officers and men who served under his command in the late military operations in Scinde. The House divided. The numbers were—For the motion, 164; against it, 9; majority, 155.—The announcement of the numbers were received with loud cheers. The original motion was then put and agreed to, as was also a resolution that the Speaker communicate the vote of the House to the Governor-General of India, with a request that he would convey the same to Sir Charles Napier and the army under his command. Mr. Christie brought forward a motion that "a Select Committee be appointed to consider the expediency of recognising the presence of strangers at debates, and the publication of debates under the pleasure of the House, and to consider and report what regulations may be necessary." The House divided, when the numbers were—For the motion, 37; against it, 84; majority, 47. The Metropolitan Improvement Bill was passed, with an amendment, limiting the sum to be lent £250,000.

Feb. 13.—The Factory Bill was read a second time. Lord John Russell moved for a committee of the whole House, to consider the state of Ireland. The House adjourned.

Feb. 14.—Mr. L. Bruges took his seat for the borough of Devizes. Mr. J. S. Wortley moved the second reading of the Horse-racing Penalties Bill. The House divided, when the numbers were—For the second reading, 112; against it, 25—Majority, 87. The bill was then read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Wednesday next. The County Coroners' Bill was read a first time. The adjourned debate on Lord John Russell's motion was resumed and again adjourned.

Feb. 15.—The Offences at Sea Bill was read a third time and passed. The debate resumed and adjourned. Mr. T. H. Sotheron, and Mr. Maher took their seats, the former for North Wilts, and the latter for Tipperary.

Feb. 16.—The debate resumed and adjourned.

Feb. 17.—No House.

Feb. 19.—Lord John Russell's debate on the State of Ireland resumed and adjourned.

Feb. 20.—Mr. Hume moved for a return "of the number of persons who have been suspended, superseded, or discharged from the Customs since the 1st day of January 1841, &c. &c. The motion was agreed to.—The adjourned debate resumed and again adjourned.

Feb. 21.—The County Coroners' Bill, was read a second time.—The House went into committee on the Horse Racing Penalties Suppression Bill. The Bill passed through Committee.—The debate on Ireland resumed and adjourned.

Feb. 22.—Resumed and adjourned.

Feb. 23.—The debate resumed. The House divided on the subject, when the numbers appeared, for the motion 225, against it 324.